Marcel Ray Duriez

Nevaeh

Book: 5

The Cursed

Breaking on through to the other side; my life is coming to an end, yet I have nothing to hide, life is a journey that takes you on a dark ride. When you can see, and understand there are the doors of deception in your mind that doesn't subside, you will understand that life is like a red river that comes in tides, as you try to make your strides.

All I have left are the memories and the people that died.

However, I can at least say that I never lied; I recall all those that cried; all the ones that were denied. At least we can say we tried, and never gave up even after diving into the other side. Now the gates are open deep, vast, and wide.

Yet it is going to be me, a witch walks on the inside? Who and what will deny?

~Neveah~

Chapter: 28

Unloving Mouthful

Nevaeh- I could never let my enemies have the last words, you should know me better than that! So… can you see into my life, just like snapshots, of the past, present, and future? Do you know what has taken place? Can you see all the evil entities, and all the good and wicked faces? Can you see, and feel all these different

places? Can you hear all the voices reaching out to you?

Chiaz- So, the myth has it that Mr. Amzel was out in his yard during a storm digging graves for his two stepchildren Gracie and Grant. They went missing about oh let see, six months back. Their real mom was a crack-head, so they adopted both of the kids, and the mom, they said died from overdoing it one night.

Thus far, it is like that family takes kids in yet, they never come out,

and if they do, they're not the same! It is like they all acted the same ways, and wanted to do the same things. Something wild about them, that I cannot clarify if they were all living in a controlled biodome getting probed in that house like they were just there for them to test on or something like that. Yet that is unlikely, but maybe, something's not right, about what they do to them.

When I was there and saw the kids in the little house that they took

care of, it was like everyone, one of them had the same expressions and acted the same, it was so unusual. They would play, yet not as kids their age would play. It was almost like the boys and girls would lust over having one another's affection, and they would all sleep together.

That is what I found so weird. It was told to me they would dress and undress one another, before sleeping together, and that the boys and girls would shower once a week together.

She said that was the most economical way to clean them all. Alissa also said that they all had a classifying idea that they give to them, so they knew how they belonged to them. Yet what that is, I have no idea at all.

I do not know if they went outside or not to play? I did not see much when I was there with her.

I found out that some groups were placed in poorer rooms. Which I did not see in that house, but I knew

they were there. Yet where they are located, I do not know.

Yes, everything was routine for them. To me, it looked like an orphanage from hell! Alissa used to say to me when she made me stay over, that was the best way to take care of all of them, as they do.

Therefore, they took the kids in and homeschooled them so they said. Yet no one knows what happened to him or her after they went missing? I

wonder how many kids there were that went missing?

Nevaeh and I remember Gracie. She was a cute young fragile nine-year-old, a long-haired redhead with tan freckles.

We recall that she had dark misty sienna eyes, which would fixate on you when she would look at you. They were dark with the colors lying within the inside of the pupil, that was asking for longing the deeper you and gazed into them, it was like she was

running to me with her eyes, for help, yet she did not move from their legs. I do recall that Neveah and I would see her rarely in the town looking startled, with one of the Amsel girls; she did not look as if she had lived in her body. The boy they did not take out as much mostly because he talked far too much, -we guess.

She was the only one that we saw out of the fifty or so children in which they took care of. The same can be said for the boy, grant he had light

brown hair, with a pinkish undertone. His goldish green eyes faded, with all creativity drained from them, just like them all I would presume. I think he was ten, he always seems to be distracted, he was a chatterbox, yet never said anything that made, you want to overhear, he would stutter a lot saying the words ‘smack’ and ‘bite’ over and over, yet I only saw him once in that house.

I do believe that many erotic things were going on between the kids

just by the way they appeared; I would go as far as to say there was incest. I remember seeing Alissa with her after we got back; she would be glaring at me, as most would do in town. Maybe she was afraid I would say something, or maybe she just wanted me back even now, that she cannot have me. I do not know how she feels, or what she feels, I never really did, and I do not care.

Gracie, this girl she was always so pale-skinned like she never saw the light of day much- I believe that she did

not see much sun, she didn't even know how to talk to anyone, other than a couple of minor phrases. When I was over at my girlfriend’s home both kids along with most of the others lived up in a dark damp room, that I would call their attic space. With one or two double beds, pushed together that they shared, or so that is what I have come to believe. I was never up there, yet sometimes you could hear the laughter and their tears, and even slight screams.

You could hear their murmurs in the walls. I think I could hear them all being like rabbits and going at it, the thrusting thumps on the ceiling plus all the pitter-patter of little feet above! Yet that is what I was estimating was going on, and no my mind just does not think like that, something was very wrong! It made me nauseated just being in that house with her, it was that vile. Yet the lower parts that they live in were neat as a pin! Like all the girls'

rooms, except for Allison, there was food all over the place.

Yet, Nevaeh thinks she killed them for the need of their blood of life, a human sacrifice to their deity? Me, I have not made up my mind, I do not think they would do such things, to harmless kids.

Though it is becoming more and more believable to me, after what Nevaeh said, and what they did to her and Lily. Therefore, he must have covered them up for her, out in one of

these fields somewhere. Never to be found, and if they were found, they made it look like animals got at them.

Nevaeh said when they get into their rage, they are like rabid wolf dogs, and I agree. Alissa never likes to see anyone bleed, she said it was hard for her to look at. Yet I do not think that was it at all. She just knew that she could not control herself when looking at it, which is what I think now.

Nevaeh- I have a theory where most of the blood, and souls they take come from!

Mr. Amsel was killed by being struck by lightning in the rain, maybe digging graves with a metal spade shovel. I have no clue if this is true or not, but he needed to fry, if it is real or not, she needs to fry too, either way, he is gone also.

Maybe- she got rid of him, that is a thought? She doesn't love anybody but herself and her clingy girls. But,

herself so much more! Death is all around them, I can feel that I can see them up there, yet like, do you understand, that some of them will never speak again, in a hellhole or land? They're just there, not to live, just to exist for their life, they give up, more and more of them it is never going to stop.

Who is going to stop them? I think they are bred for them to kill.

Yet they keep some to reproduce for their hunger of life!

The kids do not know any better than to become evil black fallen angels like them, it’s all they know! Are you going to gain a victorious voice, and speak up in your land? Will you be there to hold someone's hand? Because life goes by like a grain of sand in all of the lands and yes this would be the time for you to do what you think is right. Would you help them! I would love to help them, yet we cannot, no one believes all those kids are even there. Plus, I think it would kill them

being a part of ordinary life, they would not be able to live like us.

Will it ever be known…?

Chapter: 29

Who I Was

Nevaeh- Jaylynn's life, what can I say she is a tortured soul. I will let her speak for a while. Jaylynn- while… I am at the graveyard, and we are up on the side of the knoll, I am with her… my mommy, right now.

This is where we talk the most. Strange, but this is where we feel the most- close to one another. I remember going for walks with my mom in the cemetery!

When I was younger like we do even now. I always loved the time we had. The same can be said with my dad like when I was five, dad would take me fishing in the antique boat, not too far out from the gazebo on the pond. Adjacent from the old watermill, about mid-pond we would be, and then

together after-word we had picnic food, like watermelon and potato salad, as we sat on the bank of the pond. While seeing the many swans float by us, to say hello, and the sun beating down on us.

Time like that… I remember the most, yet they were all cut short. Mom and I talk about the time of the past often and how she tried to be there, yet she was not all there. What can I say I had a good mom and dad, I never wanted for anything? We were

poor, but I was proud. I think about being a little girl. I remember my dad swinging me on the swing attached to the tree. I recall naptime, timeouts, groundings, and many good times, and unscrupulous times as well.

Remember- mom? Nevaeh- Yes, yes, I do- honey. I think so. Jaylynn- Do you remember taking long walks with dad and me. Then walking in the fields to the roadways, and then walking into town past the old olive-green train station?

Also, seeing everyone, that seemed to know us!

Nevaeh- Yes, yes, I do, yet only in fragments, so much has happened.

Hey, mom- Do you remember me being in the back seat of the 1957 Chevy when I was three, kicking your driver seat repeatedly trying to get your attention while blaring mommy?

Nevaeh- How could I forget! I tried to give you as much time as I could, baby, yet was it enough for you.

Jaylynn- Never… There never was enough time. I remember you taking me with you to get things that we need for grandma Hope’s house, too bad that I never got to meet her. I mean I did… but I do not remember, I was just a baby then, and she and I will never really speak even now, that just cannot be.

Nevaeh- she was a hard person to get to know, yet just like you and I, she was the only mother I had. Just like I was the only one you had, sometimes

in life, you cannot choose, I am just like her, we did what we could, I see that now, yet I did not like them. Just to think it has been almost sixteen years her stone has been there, along with the smaller one next to hers.

'Yeah… I knew who, that girl was.'- said Jaylynn!

'So, did I, her life ended far too soon.'- said Nevaeh!

Jaylynn- looking back on it, Mom she never really eats- all that

much. I do not understand why. The older I got the harder it was for me to appreciate her, and her weird ways. Yet hanging out with mom, as a teenager is not cool either… maybe that was it. It is just nice to make up for it now. Now that no one cares.

I remember my dad reading to me, I loved my dad more than anything in this world. I always feared that he would leave my mom at some point. I always believed that my mom was a little crazy, she had a hard life from

what I gathered, a life that I repeated. Boy- in so many ways.

My only difference is that I did blame God, who else was there to blame for what happens, that is what I thought. Yet mom tried to understand that, yet she cannot for some reason. She was always cramming her faith in my face.

I recall that I spent a lot of time by myself, in my pink room just like she did, I had her old room, and my cat Emily would sleep with me on my bed,

and now Emily sleeps there without me saddened, as my mom said to me.

There was a day when I thought I would never talk to my mom again. Yet things happen and things change. I marvel at my thought, maybe this was a good change?

I never really wanted anything other than us all being together as a family. I just wanted to be left alone. He had to get his hands on me! It was as if I was not even allowed to have a

childhood, in all truthfulness. I know I had to grow up too fast.

He violated me! Why would he do such a thing to me, was it love or hate? It just started with a touch of the hand, and then more and more, I was not going to stop it, because I think I liked it? Yes, I think I did…?

He made me feel good and bad all at the same time! I need my friends like I need my dad, and without his love, in my life, my needing for life ran on low, and he drained the rest out of

me. I never wanted to do what he wanted me to do.

I just wanted to be a kid; I just wanted to be the average girl, like I have seen all around me in school. I do not think anyone loves me, the only one, which loved me like that was my dad. There were no boys out there that wanted me because they knew, only one but he does not count to me. Because he would have done anything to get me to say yes, even if I said no. It

was hard to find real love, because of who my mom is, and what my dad was.

Yet I thought it was my mom, which destroyed my life. That she stopped me from being who I was meant to become. I wanted to do so much and see so much. Yes, I love her for being my mom, but why did she have to be my mom. Dad was the only one I wanted, then.

After everything fell apart, I just needed to get away from the craziness, so I did, and that is why I am

here now. The way I am, with my mom, it is so crazy I know. I never loved life; to me, there was no point in living at all. If I could not love who I wanted to love and be with the one I wanted, it would have been so wrong. It was so wrong!

I remember my first school bus ride and I met my two friends that were Lexi Cruosin and Stephanie Colt. Lexi was a mouthy friend she grew up to become a cheerleader in school, and she left me behind.

She was everything I wanted to be at that age, I recall.

Stephanie was sheepish and clumsy tripping over her own feet. Yet, she was always there for me, until her friends stopped her, because of what they thought. Who knows they might have thought he would get at them too, as he did with me, sometimes in front of them?

By- staying out of trouble was the hard thing for me; I was always doing something to piss my mom off.

She knew but did not stop it; I do not think she could have.

Until now that was all right, no matter what I did, I could never get her complete time, she was always in la-la land, back then. Furthermore, that made me hate everything about myself. Because, I thought that it was me, doing that to her.

I recall my dad was the only one to say I was beautiful! As I said, I found most in school hard to get to know, yet they did not want to get to

know me. So, I was classed like mom was also, for not doing anything that she did. Just because they think that- ‘The apple doesn't fall far from the tree.’

I had an old man Devolcano for music also, he did not think I could play my trombone, with the rest of the class.

Therefore, he used to say to me to go into the storage room that smelled like- rat turds and turpentine and learn it. ‘And do not come out to you do.’ -he would shout! ‘Go make

farting noises, and giggle about it mindlessly, with him, that is all you will ever do!’

He can go and suck on my trombone slide! I can read, and I can read music, no thanks to him, and do more than he does. Unlike all of them in his class, I can do a lot of things. Plus, my mom is more than he will ever be. He needs to stop saying shit about her!

My mother and I can count above four also. This was my education

also, sitting in small rooms. Learning nothing while everyone laughed in my face.

Never in a nice way while everyone else looked at me as if I was a hunk of shit. Thus, in the room with sluggish Steve the euphonium player, I went to whom he thought could not play or read or play music either.

He and the class thought that all I do is giggle and make weird sounds together with him. Whatever- think what you like, about me.

Oh, yes- I would like to say to him, no- ‘We are not a match made in heaven!’ -so stop saying that we are.

Anyways enough about that, my greatest obstacles were- trying to understand- why. I always want to be the fix, yet I think I just added more drama, than what I was worth for everybody.

I was a wild child in my younger days, and I grew out of that and became stone-cold, because of

what he did to me. It is just like that; the family will never stop!

I consider the most overrated virtue, that I had was not seeing what was coming into my life, and not caring about what I had. I threw it all away, and I went nowhere, but down. After I lost everything, I did not see the light.

I saw nothing- but darkness. Say- I am crazy also, I do not care!

I would lie all the time to others, I would lie about my name, I

would lie about where I lived, I would lie about being stocked, and isolated in school I was a liar. I should have never been born; me being born like everyone else was a lie too.

I know that now, but I did not back then.

I - Jaylynn liked to be part of the softball team.

I - Jaylynn liked to dance and sing.

I - Jaylynn loves picking flowers in spring.

I - Jaylynn also remembers the words that would sting.

I - Jaylynn wanted a fling.

I - Jaylynn wanted everything and had nothing.

I - Jaylynn is who I was, you know I was nothing inspiring. As a young girl, I all was like taking things apart, yet I could not always get them back together. I would have liked to

become an inventor; Edison or Tesla were some of the people I looked up to. I remember sticking a knife in an outlet just to feel the shock of it. I was always such a bright child! I loved the feel of the currents, I loved the look of electricity, and I wanted to be the one to make everything in the world run without having to plug it in. To make all things wireless! That was a dream, I was- a dreamer also! I think my imagination is why I could not keep my fingers off of things.

I even thought of mind control headsets to wear, to run everyday items. I never got any of those dreams. I knew that I would never have the money to do that. I always wanted a man like my daddy, yet I do not think there will ever be another man like him!

He was everything that a man should be. I always loved Chinese food, as dad did, he would get that a lot for us. If I remember right. I was the happiest just being in his arms, the

loving arms of my daddy. That did not need to happen to him. I still do not get why, it did, was it because of me, or not?

The only talent that I had was being able to do many cartwheels; I am so lame, I am not! That is what everyone thought of me, even mom!

Mom wanted me to stay with her little girl, but I had to grow up. That is why I like to cut myself, just like she did, just to see it bleed. That was fascinating to me also.

Yes, I loved the pain, yet I love to run away from it too. I would have loved to have lived in New York, with all the lights and sounds, and people, that would not care about who I am. I would just be another face in the crowd. My most precious possession was taken away, so why even talk about that.

This is all I have to say; I hope I did not depress you too much. I just want to say that I still love you mom, yet I cannot understand why you

stopped loving me back then. Just for trying to live my life, yet maybe, I can fix it now for you. I have never stopped loving my dad either.

I would love to have a do-over in life!

Chapter: 30

Little Grownup

(Nearly fifteen years back)

Chiaz- Nevaeh is like the caramel, whipped cream, and the

cherry on top of my sweet ice cream sundae! Caramel- because she is so sweet and innocent when with me, whipped cream- because she has the perfect complexion, that I love to kiss and caress with my fingers. As well as the cherry. Because of her small fragrance, and the scent of her hair that is sometimes braided; as well as the taste of her lips that I kiss… and that kisses me so sweetly. All of that combined is one yummy flavor, which I want to last forever! I love our family!

Yet looking at others I wonder. ‘We make such a cute-z couple, and we have a baby that is too amazingly unique!’

Nevaeh- I thought what better way to end this part of the story, than with the miracle that ended all my torture in my life. Yet this is not the end at all. This was the beginning of a new story, which affected my life, and his in so many ways. Our little bundle of joy brought us together and her precious name is Jaylynn Lily Nazareth.

She was born on May 19 of this year. She is 5 pounds and 11 ounces, with blue eyes and brown hair, as you can see, she is content clamped to my breastfeeding for comfort; as I sit with her in this hospital bed right after I gave birth to her. ‘A baby girl will make his love stronger, the days longer, money tighter, our home happier, clothes shabbier, the past forgotten, and the future, so worth living for!’ The new daddy and I went home the very next day. He moved in with me in the

old farmhouse, we never planned on living there all that long, yet we did. So, now I have a family, and a kitten named Emily, now I have the photos on the walls of all of us. My life's mission has been fulfilled… or so I thought.

So, at this phase in my life, I am a new mother, I am still thinking about everyone looking at me in the delivery room. I was so embarrassed, let’s just say that my loving husband made sure that everything down there

would be nice and tidy before the big day.

Because I was too big to trim all of that up myself. Too much information- sorry. I have a bad habit of that, don’t I? We had our new baby at 11:11 pm. That is when we started our new life as a young family. We had no money at the time, so I knew that it was going to be rough on us.

My new husband Chiaz found a job working in the south-end coal mines, just to make enough for us to

get by day by day. We were happy, and I was away from all of the ghosts and horrors of the past, or so I assumed. The curse continued to linger even though it was not affecting me anymore, remember how I said it is always passed on… that is so true; in more ways than one. In this part of my story, I have aged- a few years now. I am no longer that little schoolgirl; I am a mother, a wife. I have been watching my little girl grow up so fast, it seems every day it is something new.

Like her first bath, her learning to crawl, this little lady being potty-trained, and even her first words, like when she said- ‘Mommy!’ We saw her first steps and took it on VHS tapes; she was walking from me and her daddy. I remember getting her a big girl bed. Yes, even her first day of school. Wow- how five years can go by so fast. Yet we were happy just to have her, we did not need anymore. Plus, we could not afford to. These days fly by like an angel in the night, and now

they're just memories in my book of life. I still type every day, yet the story has changed, as I got older.

It is like another five years of my life have passed, and it is as if I blacked out, because I cannot remember them, and I do not know why, yet maybe I do? I was there but my mind was elsewhere. I think about the past and relieve it while reliving it instead of being the mom, which I need and needed to be. I do not know where I was, where I have been, I was lost in

my own body! Spinning- spinning- spinning around to the point of insanity, or so it seemed. Maybe my depression got the best of me? Maybe I was healing myself from the past; maybe, I do not know anything, and yet know it all.

In those five years she became a teenager, when did that happen? She has hips and a chest. Plus, she wears more make-up than I do? When…! How…! What? Where have I been? Yeah, Jaylynn is a young lady, and I can

see she is having the same dreadful existence in her life as I did when I was a young woman. Yes, I do see that, sad to say.

It is interesting to watch children grow up in front of your eyes, I never knew how difficult, letting go could be. I remember when Jaylynn started to read. I remember when she went through the change to become a woman and we had that talk, little did I know she did not need it.

I remember Chiaz being the father figure I knew he could be. I look back on my life, and I reflect on it and I still have to wonder why. She was only fifteen when she left me. Just like me, she could not take any more, and she slit her wrists… she could not be saved. I could not save her, no one could! Likewise, I have been killing myself over it ever since, yet I have to suffer and live on. I am paying for what I did I think, maybe not, should I even pray anymore?

I think Lily left me too, yet I am not sure… at all? I think I have become bitter, as I am getting older. People say that you have to move on in your life… all I can say to that- is that she was my life. She was what I lived for other than my husband. She had the same life that I had in high school, why didn't I help her more! Why didn't I fix it? It seems so far away to me now. I sit with an unfilled heart of thinking that life is so unfair, listening to my mind as it spins like a tornado through Kansas and all

my thoughts of what can and can't be rushing like a gunshot through my brain.

All this takes me to a place that I will never be again. If only I would have done this and not that… If only that is all I think about anymore. All I do is think, why did this happen to me is it a curse… Yes, no, maybe? Someone gives me a sign or something, why is it that everything I loved goes away; and everything I care about dies?

Jaylynn now haunts me just the same as Lily did. Sometimes I walk through the graveyard; however, their spirits swarm in my brain, and around my mind constantly, I can see them all, even if I do not want to! Funny how the cemetery comes to life to me.

Then their past life rushes through my veins. She speaks and talks to me in whispers, to the point I collapse in exhaustion from being overwhelmed with emotions. I am positive; her voice is not the only one I

hear there, and her body is not the only one I see there, either.

Jaylynn’s spirit is like a snowstorm in December cold, lonely, and melancholy and Lily’s is beautiful and heavenly like the air I have, yet it is breathtaking to me in its memory. Just like thinking about Jaylynn back in the days, that we had together before the beginning of the end, is what I deliberate about in my mind and soul, and it has taken its toll on me! Nonetheless, mostly I think of all the

existences from back in the days of when she was fifteen. I feel that I could have done more for her; maybe I could have been there for more of everything.

Maybe I did not understand?

I knew what she was going through… but I did not know it was so troubling. Maybe some people can't be helped? Maybe when they have the curse they cannot. I know what it is like because I have lived with the curse. That was placed on me from day one. A curse never dies! Just like sin! It never

dies! She was everything real to me, the only thing I wanted, all that I still think about. ‘She was beautiful with big blue puppy dog eyes.’

Her eyelashes could put you in trances as they blinked. She was petite in her stature; she had it all going for her, and just like me, she ended it all, just because she felt so alone. Yes, I knew that all the boys wanted to get into her skirt any way they could; some more than others. Nevertheless, she would let them because she had to or

face the wrath of the tower's clans. The curse goes on, it never perishes, the faces may change, but the spell remains; like I said it is just passed on from offspring to offspring. I can see the same evil dark cloud similar to shadows, almost like spirits flying within them in my visions. Oh, the evil it is passed on, moves in you, and takes over your mind and body!

I remember she has those sweet pink lips, which could curl up your toes, as you would gaze at them,

even to this day she is a gorgeous angel. Yet she is not the same type of angel that Lily is. No not at all, yet she is a younger angel also, she is unrobed, I can see it all, her body skin is transparent and glossy. With the black fluffy feathery wings, that makes air gusts as she moves as fast as the light around me.

Jaylynn has a halo of spikes and thorns over her head, which digs into her forehead, and the blood runs down her shadowy brown wavy wispy hair.

Her eyes can glow the color of pink. ‘I call them Alice Cooper eyes! You know, with the black teardrops!’ and her dark cherry black blood flows from them too, as we talk. I think I saw from time to time a black widow crawling on her, making webs on her body.

(So- hair-raising.) Along with the markings of unlucky, thirteen were tattooed on her and chiseled into her chest. Other insignias are cataloging her, she has numbers on her marking her like a beast. She has the cereal

barcode numbers of- (J-N-0069699611) on her left butt cheek, which glows lime green in the dark! You are nothing but a number along with your first and last initials when you are a dark angel. She can have fire readily available at her fingertips, sharp retracting claws. Along with withdrawing fangs and horns. She also has a very elaborate samurai-like sword with a curved blade. As well as, yes you guessed it! She can sparkle like many thousands of little

reflective broken mirrors in the brilliant full moonlight.

I never thought I would speak to a black angel, yet she is my little girl, how could I not? ‘To live is to be haunted, to die is to be unperturbed.’ I remember back when she was on the edge of fifteen, and my life was entertaining, pleasurable, and stimulating. Not at all like now; I remember her first days of high school everything seemed flawless, little did I know, that the tower's children had

their children, and their evil spirits were passed down to the next demons in the circle of pain; his clan started torturing my little girl until her end. Just as there, mothers did with me.

All my life I have tried to prove this story… but how do I write a story that seems so silly to other people that do not understand? Oh, yes! I was young once in. Consequently, and regrettably, I know what she had to put up with; but you grow old fast if you do not have anything keeping you young.

What the hell, do I have to live for now? I sure do not see any reasons, do you? Unrelentingly, as I get older, I wonder also, what the use is in living. Looking at her she was, and still is flawless in my eyes. Incidentally, everything changes and everything moves on, and I was always left behind to wallow in my misery also, as she is now and infinitely, and was I the motive of why she is not alive or not?

Omitting- then again, she still talks to me and dances around me. I

have her, yet I do not have her, yet we cannot be together as we would like to be you see. Those days were over a long time ago, I can only have someone in my life so long and then they die, and to me this is, the curse of the tower, the end is always near for me but never close enough. I think of Jaylynn and all of the stuff she has missed out on, and what I have missed out on too.

All these years I said this is true love too. I cannot help but feel violated; it is as if muggers came into

my life and took away everything that I valued, and raped it until there was nothing left to steal away. That tingle in my heart that was love, that I had is now gone, the replacement being an eking throb, plus all I can do is roll my eyes, and think it must have been meant to be! ‘I have to believe that sometimes God's lessons are hard to understand. But then again they are there to propel me forward and not back.’

True faith never dies either- just remember that! Life is like the scales, never finding the balance it is either tipping one way or the other from good and evil. Nonetheless, I have to believe in my thinking that there is a meaning for everything; yes, even when someone is taken away… there is always a light at the end of the dark path that I am walking down- always! A pathway- you may not know about, or where it is going, but when you get there, you will see that it needed to be

this way to reserve what is new and needed in life.

‘Sometimes, you have to lose; to begin anew.’ Even if it makes no sense to you. However, to this day I do not know if love is real or just a state of mind, which is a ghost that haunts me too. How do you love something, which really cannot be shown to everyone, that they love you back? I still have a heart-shaped diamond ring on my finger, the ring was going to be hers someday; it will most likely go to the

grave with me now; just like the key that my beloved Chiaz gave me that I wore, that key will be in his padded box forever. That was the last time; I saw his amazing yet ice-cold body. He could not be saved either, yet I pleaded!

Just like my old teddy bear, that is in Jaylynn's case. Forever locked six feet under in the cold hard ground. Their bodies may be there, but their souls are with me, and the lands that go far beyond, above and below.

Just like- ‘Glory and gore go, hand and hand.’ I see them again, yet it is not the same. I cannot do, or go anywhere with them when they are like this or that. For the reason that it would look like I am just talking to myself; and people already think I am cuckoo! Without doing that…! So, if you have not figured it out yet, I have been alone for many years now.

Chiaz died in a coal mining accident, a rockfall crushed him, and there was no way to save him, as I said.

Consequently, I was a single mother when Jaylynn was about thirteen years old. My daughter just did not understand why things had to be as they were you see. She was a daddy's girl, she did not take it well at all, and neither did I; I guess it shows. Conversely, I tried, I have always tried to be exactly what I needed to be, but it was never enough. I feel that I failed at everything, I tried to do what I could, I asked for a second chance at being

motherly. Yet I know that I will not get it. I do not deserve to have it, I know!

I always lost love, which I struggled with in my everyday life. I know that my daughter loved me; she was a teenager when she died, and it is not cool- to be friends with your mother. Thus, I forgave her. What can I do, she was my only child? She was an artist, she was creative, and she was a carbon copy of me! With the overlook of my years, I have come to this conclusion, that love is not loving

unless it is shown to the world. Yet some just think that love is just getting it on, and not about being soul mates?

Yes, love it dies also, and sometimes it does not come back, for someone like me. I am a wiser woman now and I still have no clue… What is love? To some love is- ‘L’ for lust that makes you want to get it all, to do whatever you can to please. ‘O’ is Oh shit this is going to make me crazy, and what should I do next.

‘V’ is for virgins having victory in getting to the next level of intimacy, saying I got to touch and feel it. ‘E’ is for exposure, and dissatisfaction, that is love for some, and me also to a point when I think about it.

On the other hand, if you are like me, I try to believe that Nat King Cole sings love the way it should be; but most of the time, that kind of love is just a fantasy. If you are like me, you have to believe in a little of both; just to see what it is all about. At least that is

what we used to sing together, that melody!

My life is just like flipping through the pages of an unorganized book; you will understand my life, and what it was all about, was it all a waste of time? Did my life have something more than I cannot see or not? I guess that is not up to me to figure out. It is up to you, and what you think! Oh, the temptation can make you go out of your mind, I thought about finding another love, but he was the first and the last,

and the only one that truly understood me. Indeed, he saved me, he was my hero.

Besides, I feel that I would be cheating on him, to move on. He would know and he would see me if I did!

All that is something that stopped me all these years; and that was a promise that we made… the day we tied the knot, that we would always be true to one another; yes, even in sickness or health, and even after one of us would pass away. I cannot break

my promise to him. I remember he would write me a love letter every day if he could; I still have all of them sitting here on my desk breaking apart, in the long-standing age of the days gone by. ‘What we had, what we lost does it mean anything?’ I think so- ‘To me it means everything!’

Just like the black crow clans, I will not let my family or me alone. Was that rockfall an accident? I do not think so- yet he thinks it was. Nevertheless, to me that was a planned mystery of

death, I think someone wanted to have him blown up, and I think you know who it was too! But, as of now and this present day my heart is heavy, and my hands are weak, as they sit with me as a memory at my feet. Saying sweet things, they are my warmth, and they keep the time of every heartbeat they have. Yet, I just wish that they all could be up in the heavenly retreat if only I could live life on repeat!

Chapter: 31

Lights

So, I think the year is now like 2050 or something like that I do not know, I cannot remember. I have lost track of years and dates because they do not matter. The names and what they have to say look like they are starting to fade away. Yeah, I am not the girl that I used to be. I am fifty-five years old now, since the day I was saved; but all their rocks in the graveyard just have indications of their names and their birthdates. This is one

thing that I have now, that reminds me of what they all were to me then, and what they are to me as of now, and what they are to others in the land. How it can all be the same, yet so different, to me, and all of them.

No one comes up here anymore, and it looks that way too. Yet for me I look around some of them are angels, some of them are ghosts, and some choose to be daemons. Where are the people? ‘The Land of Many Steeples’, has been bulldozed to the

ground, a few years ago and made modern. All that is left is the steel frame buildings with their cold cement and glass walls. However, my home is still standing in its golden field, somewhat unattached from them over there. Looking shabbier than ever. Yet that is just fine by me. I could have moved into one of those boxes also, and had no privacy, and live as they do, but why? The home I have is my own, and those boxes communities of homes are never truly yours, yet the populace

does not understand that concept. That the government owns everything they have, and they look into everything they have.

I do not want that. I do not need cameras looking at me when I am asleep or in every room to feel- as they say safe! All these years have gone by like those three hundred and ten miles per hour magnetic levitation trains in the darkness of night over there, like a hot pink blur. The cars of today make a light blue Prius look roomy and elegant.

Yet if you get sick of the look of your car, all you have to do is to get one of the different body styles snapped on the one fit's all frame. Some just push a button to change the color of the exterior, which lights up underneath which makes it eliminate.

Yet some cannot afford all that junk, and still drive their ancient automobiles, like me! I drive in the slow lane, and everyone can pass me up. I do not care, I want to see what the world looks like, not have it rush by. I support

the only gas station in town, everyone else just plugs there’s in, you look down the streets you can see the cars all plugged into the parking meters, sucking on the power grid, yet people think this is more sustainable. I do not think so at all! Their light bills are completely insane, because of all their gadgets and the rechargeable battery cars they have, yet they do not care. It is not their problem to care about. They will just get more credit from the ones that own them. What is funny is I pay

twenty- two in plastic cents for gas now.

I remember when I was a young girl when it was sometimes over four dollars a gallon! All the small shops have been replaced with style fewer boxes of white, gray, and black, all the lights glow in cold colors in the background. Nonetheless, the color most predominant at night is that of yellow ocher throughout the atmosphere.

The light-emitting diode

billboards are everywhere you look, all of them with sexed-up vulgar and explicit ads, and they all jump out at you and say- ‘Hello! With a quote like- ‘Don’t you want some of this?’ Yet what is funny is there are these apps on all the young pre-teen kids’ phones that if they rub together at all it is as if they have made a real baby together on both of their screens. That they have to tend to just like a simulated infant or real lifelike baby for a week, it is all part of

the preventions to not get pregnant, it is not working as they thought it would. It is all about stopping them from making a living because it is too much work. After all, what that app makes them think. Oh, there is an app for everything. I do not know if that is good or bad, really, I just do not try to understand the ways of the world anymore. It is just that scary. I can see being safe, but it is getting to the point it’s absurd.

Like prepubescent kids think having a lover is not about making love anymore, it is just something they have for amusement. Because of what they see all around them. Kids not too much, yet have no intelligence, whatsoever. Just like the sky, you cannot see the stars for the light rays of the city; and to me there are more mechanical devices, with brains than the humans, walking or racing around so frantically.

What once was a small community town is- now a big city with

no life in it. My land is the only field that was not stripped of their gold locks of hair. The bridge that was so significant to me is no longer even here. There was no need for that bridge years ago, other than a beautiful spot to be; now the coaches drive themselves; what fun is that? The trains float on magnetic levitation tracks in the air and fly by in the blink of an eye, replacing the old bridge that I cannot walk on.

The world went and got itself in even more of a big flipping hurry; I did not think that was possible. ‘Hurry up and weight, and do nothing at all.’ Just like you cannot even walk down the path these days, and if you do see someone that you do not know, hell! You are lucky if you get the finger from them, they just do not see you. It is like all they see is the hologram’s playmate that they can customize to their liking, like a person, yet they want their complete attention. I guess why talk to

anyone else when you have the perfect personality with you at all times. That is if you have the plastic money to keep them around.

Naturally, you can forget about getting a friendly hello from them; but I could see this happening a long time ago, back when I was a young girl. These kids these days are just not right, they do not have any respect for anyone or anything; but why should they be they are on their own with no guidance from anyone, and no love other than

having sex. Everything is emotionless, modern, and dead, the skyline has changed dramatically, the world is collapsing as I predicted. As well as the revolution is all that stands as unity. Just like I imagined, it would become when I said everybody was like a bunch of humanoid sleepwalkers.

The skies are hazy and fiery with industry smoke, but the industry is not caused by the working hand of man; no rather the working hands of robots. People do not know your name,

nor do they need to know anything, everything is known about them. Yet not me, they will never change me!

Everything in their life is run and done for them, that is what happens when you do not think for yourself! But that is the way our higher authorities' want' us to be, brain-dead to the realities of the world. All the same, it was becoming that way when I was a little girl in high school when they took the books away from us. Me- and my group more than any others, as

you know! Surprisingly, I ended up going to college, I got my degree in nursing, but I never worked in a hospital a day in my life. My life was with my husband and my daughter, in the old homestead; which Hope gave to me after she passed; it was in her last will.

So, that was one of the nicest things she ever did for me. This home, this land, and this family were my true joys in life! However, ‘The future is uncertain but the end is always near.’

As well as the laws here only apply to some of the people; and what they say is not always clear. Back then I did not think about being around other people because I had my family; I had everything I ever wanted. Then once you lose everything you ever wanted, that is when you become lonely and crazy to the ones that do not understand you or the way that you think. Nevertheless, they are the ones that are not thinking. Just like looking at myself what happened to my young

pretty little hands and nails, that I used to paint with nail polish? I could not hold a pen in my hand if I tried now, what happens to my thin perky body.

When I was a girl all I did was a bitch and complain that I was not cute enough. Hell, I wish for those days now, I wish I could talk to that girl back then and say you are sexy, and you got it going on, but I cannot, this droopy thing is all that is left. What a sight for sore eyes! -right?

Tip- for all you young girls… do not spend your time thinking that you need to be this and that, you have it all, just look at yourself and say; Yes! I am gorgeous! For that reason, that time goes by, and that cute little girls' reflection in the mirror changes overnight! Then you will wish for the days that you looked like that. Stay young and childlike as long as you can, life and getting older happens fast enough, without wishing for it. I thought I would not get older looking.

Since for what happened to me, no it does not work that way. There is no such thing as eternal youth, which is a myth; unless your part of the heavens, that is when you become young again, and stay that way, when you get your wings. I would say that, do not let anyone say that you do not have what you need because it all comes down to the fact that they are just jealous of you.

You have it all… you are a masterpiece! God- he did not make any

mistakes when making you, just so you know that! That is what I believe! It is just like when I walk to see my loved ones every day or at least I try, seeing that gleaming stone just makes me want to cry, but still, I do it. I hope for the day that I die for the last time, is that wrong?

Some folks would say that it is idiotic to keep a scrapbook, now that we have holograms and computers all over everything and all this technology. Yet I feel that I want something that

has more meaning that is closer to the heart. Everywhere machines are taking over the world, so at least I feel that I have control of this book.

I knew this was going to happen with technology when I was a little girl; that is why I did not want any part of it and still, do not really. There is something more nostalgic about opening a book in your hands and smelling the paper and remembering the memories. Well, I do not give two shits or care what others think, you can

see that… yet I try to show my compassion to everyone if they want to see it if they want to get it. But that is completely up to them. Anyways this book holds the memories of us, the family that I fought to make, and a book that no one has ever seen before.

It is a book of secrets that no one knows about other than me, but it is in my last will that Jaylynn was meant to have it given to her. However, as of now, that could never happen. I was hoping to be able to have

grandchildren, to keep the legacy going; and have all the memories passed down. But then again whoever gets it now, they can do what they want with it, it is completely up to them at that time, in this day and age they most likely will burn it.

That is what they do with everything! The entirety of what they consider garbage. Yes, even the people that die. It is all part of their one-fits-all healthcare and life plan. That I will

never sign too, they cannot make me believe it is against my religion, I say!

All these notes love poems, suicide letters from the girls I knew in my life, and all my diary entries, this all tells a story, and it is just all history now. ‘Nothing lasts forever it is all going to be dust in the wind, at some point, and the lights of the world will shine no more!’

Chapter: 32

Nurturing the Losses

‘Evenhandedly I gave you all everything, just for you all to die with a smile; all of you only wanted to live for a while. You took everything out of me, but it still left you empty; the tower still wants more. So much I do not understand, all I ever wanted to be was happy ever after!’ I am so tired of being here, without you; even if you are here next to me in ghostly angel form. You

are the evanescence of my Immortal love. All of this time has passed, after you pass away, yet it cannot erase you from me, now or ever. I wiped your tears away then and I would even now, nothing has changed, only the moment in time.

‘You still have all of me!’

They still have all of my love. I see myself in the glossy stone ones more, and I see that the young girl is gone, and this timeworn outer self is all that is left. This deep-rooted body is all

that reminds me of what I used to be, and it makes fun of me, and it moans at me as I try to be as I was back in the day. I remember a quote from Hope she used to say that, ‘the moon sheens and the rocks are shown as colorless shades of gray, against the black starfield heavens, the grave is all that is alive, and the world is dying around me.’ Now I know exactly what she meant. It is just like I cannot get any satisfaction!

‘Everything is just useless information that drives my imagination

to insanity.’ Sometimes I wonder if I should be so paranoid? I try, and try! As it seems, like I am spiraling out of control, as the world is spinning the other way; and my emotions drive in with their pouring rains, and I end up in tears, and they only taste like salt with regret. It is just like this old song that plays in my mind as I sit down on the grass in the graveyard, and think that I have lived an undaunted, yet all right life. It is like you have what you have, and you are blessed when you

have it. As a result, my advice would be… do not take it greedily or you will lose it as I have lost it!

~*~

Everything in this house is falling apart like the pieces of my old broken heart, which died a long time ago. Just like the panes of glass in the living room windows that have been cracked and are chipping out; yet they have been that way since I was a young girl. Just like the one sink in the main bathroom still has separate hot and

cold faucets. The hot handle has been stuck in the off-setting position for years yet it drips like my eyes at night. In Jaylynn's bathroom, she had my old room, there still is no shower curtain around the clubfoot tub, which is the way that it always was.

The old lock that flips over at the top of the doorknob does not work, and like all the rooms, you can see right through the key-hole. Certainly, something never changes, but yet I like having things the same; it adds

character to my life. But then again, I am just too damn old to fix all these age-old things, in a sighing heavily heavenly breath- thinking that no one else knows what this place means to me; and no one cares really. Surely, someone should care about the past as I do?

This home- is just one of those places, which was in our memories that we had together. If I could choose a song that would fit my life somewhat; it would be Remember When by Alan

Jackson, in my old age I learned to like country music, which I thought would never happen. When you get this old, you just cannot head-bang anymore. I mean you can, but you are going to feel it in your neck the next day. I think about Lily, I think about my daddy, I think about my daughter, I think about my husband, and I think about the curse of the tower, and I think about all the sisters and the blackbird clan.

Why?

I do not know really… they just pop into my mind now and then. ‘Old habits die hard.’ or so they say. I think that some habits never die at all even if you try. I often wonder what Lily would have done with her life if she could have had a life. She only gives me advice, a lot of the time, she talked about her life in the past somewhat to me, but she never went into that extreme graphic detail about what she had to go through; or about what she

wanted. I predict that she is happy in the heavens.

I guess that must have been her destiny. Yet I cannot see how? I often wonder what would have been different in my life if I did not have the curse of the tower. I frequently wonder what my daughter would have done with her life; like who she would have married.

I ponder time and time and again wondering if she would have any future children. I every so often wonder

what it would be like to hold grandbabies in my arms. I guess I was cheated out of that too, on the other hand, you never know… what is going to show up at your threshold! I know that my God works in mysterious ways.

I regularly wonder if my and my husband's love for each other would be as strong as it was back then. I think of all the people I once knew. I can still see their younger faces yet they are fading, with the time that has passed. Thinking back their faces were a blur

even then, but now they are fading differently and they're not coming back into my existence, and even if they do, I do not know them. Just for an instance, I look back over the blackbird clan sisters, in my mind from then to now.

Anyways Alissa punched and crowned out a few kids. She had a son named Lance, that stocked my daughter until the day she slew and slaughtered herself. He got what he wanted from her time and time again, and the rest is history. Her other kids’

names escaped me; they did not do anything to me, so why should I try to remember all their names. They all do not have affluence in my existence. So anyways, Alissa is now sitting in a nursing home, taping herself on the head, and muttering the same words over and over.

She is in a wheelchair strapped down, and she doesn't even know her name. You always get paid back, always! In her life she did well, she was a successful lawyer and a college

cheerleader, but that is because her mother got her everything she ever wanted. But then again, she learned that you could not live without what you need. Besides, what she wanted more than anything was my husband, and in the worst kind of way; and that kind of wanting of what she could not have driven her completely insane.

Yeah, her mom has to be in her late eighties now. Yet she is still running that home for refugee or needy children, as they call it. That is why she

is still so alive, and healthy! Sucking off the youth. Oh, Adriane committed suicide! She left an oncoming train run over as she was lying unclothed and crossed the rails; after Lily's death, I guess she could not live with herself any longer knowing what she and her sisters did to others… all of their victims. I guess even demons have to repent.

The engine that hit her was number thirteen; her limbs and brains were splattered all over the tracks, left

for the acid rain to wash away. Yet there was an investigation and a big story in the cyber presses saying that it was accidental. Thirteen! I Think Jaylynn was holding her down on the track, so she would be hit, she could not escape her power or force, which is why Jaylynn has that marking number like an honor patch! She must have thought it was the right thing to do? I can understand why!

Allison overdose so many times they could not pump her stomach

anymore she died on the gurney because there was nothing left to her, in her insides. She never married and claimed that she was celibate all of her life. She became noted for being a graffiti artist, and her artwork is displayed in the museum here in the city. Yet it is just as disturbing now as it was back then. Ava became a movie star, but not the kind of movie star that she wanted to be, she was the star in the adult entertainment industry.

Nevertheless, she mothered her sister’s kids along with her own. Now, who would have guessed that? I presume that it would fit her personality. She ended up marrying, and inheriting a rich man's money, and blowing it all on fashion and body enhancements. She divorced him many years back, and she and all the kids still live with her mom in that gigantic house. Other than that, there is not much to say about her. She died one night in her sleep, and her three

children inherited what was left of her husband’s fortunes, and they own that company, which she starred in. Yet, that evil mother of theirs will never die!

Chapter: 33

Blame Game

Sometimes, I like to reason with myself drawing in a heavenly breath and letting it go slowly. I cannot remember who I was back then, as my heart is heavy and my hands are shaky

now. Besides looking back into the depths, and crevasses of my mind; I can see that they all were like wolves in sheep’s clothing, and I was the prey. Will you pay for your sins! Yet those times still creep and play with my brain, and the visions are so real. Then again, are they illusions or something more than I can feel like I did back then? They still tie me up in my thoughts, but is it all a waste to think about it or not? It is enough to drive you out of your mind. Do you know that

I cannot say that I have any regrets about living the life I did live if you can call it a life? Why do we have life, just to die? Always so naturally I was the prey in a hairy situation of playing around with it.

However, I see it as more like being scarred for life, by the fingering nails that touched me around there, which was my life. If I could only talk to myself back then… oh, what I would do differently; it comes around, however, I just did not know that it would last this

long in my recollections. Maybe it is my fault for not standing up for myself; but at that time, I just thought that was the way of everyday existence for me… I guess that is why I got shaved down by them in so many ways so unnaturally. Yet even back then I kept it all… just the way I like it, anyways even if it is not accepted by them.

Maybe that is why all the girls looked at me in the locker room? However, Chiaz always said that I was perfect and cute and he loved

everything about me. He did not find anything that needed to be changed on me. Maybe that was not it at all. Yet, there was nothing about that… stopping him from kissing every inch of my body, which he certainly enjoyed doing. Yet the times were somewhat different back then. So, to this day, I am not sure what to make of my own story; for the reason that it is never going to be easy for me to explain. What was in the past is in the past, and I do not care anymore about what is in

my future. What I have lived for was a dream that was never going to be, and a dream that burnt me to a crisp. I believe that I will awaken from the ashes someday, with my white wings.

It is a day I am looking forward to; if things do not change for me that day will come sooner than later. I hope! I guess that you can hear the bitterness out of my mouth. Yet at least I am not selfish in what I say to you. You can either bless everything that you say, or you can curse it, by the words that

come out of your mouth too… I know this… however, knowing that all the emotionlessness that I am feeling is me dying inside; my words are not always as refined as they should be.

Yet I just do not give a shit!

My existence is not an easy story for me to tell- to anyone, but no one understands it unless they lived through it. ‘It has its twists and turns and its turn-ons and turns off.’ Just like having the land with its mountains of majesty that was blissful, that contrast

with its tragic lightning storms. Just the same, like us we had our hopes and our joys, and we had a lot of disappointments too.

Now that I am older, so much older I can close my eyes, and all I have is a photographic snapshot in my mind to remind me of the way things used to be. It is just as if it is showing the mountains, we climb together and it shows what the tower ripped all away from my clenching hands. Just like that last hug I had from Jaylynn when she

has pulled away in tears. I knew it was over before it started. Yet what could I do?

You know I remember when I was thirteen with those cute braces on my teeth; hell- I had a smile that looked so gentle and sweet; it has never changed in my mind, yet my teeth are now yellow and cracked, and my face is wrinkled and dappled, look at what all has changed. I cannot believe it, can you? Yes, as much as I can, I talk to the spirit's lives and read the cards for

guidance. I want to be around them and to see them all smiling and dancing around me. Not always with success do I get their full attention.

There are some days that they are moody, but that is okay with me. All girls have that time that they need to deal with their emotions, even in the afterlife, and sometimes guys are hard to talk to also. Besides, sometimes others are wanting their devotion, however, I am most happy when with them because at least I can see all my

loves; and look into their amazing blue spiritual eyes or the pink ones with their darkness of hell.

Lily and Jaylynn, I can still hear both of them saying hello, and saying my name. Both so perfect in every way! No, I do not see anything wrong with having angels in my life at all times. This is my mystery and fantasy that is real in my life, and it is thrilling. It seems as of now, I have more of them than I do real people in my life. However, I hope for more people in my

life too. Looking at my hands you can read all the crevasses, and the split forks in the trail that was my life; the paths that ended far too soon. No, my hands and palms are not the same as they once were back then they have changed. They are not like the ones he held, what happened to my life-line, heart line, and most importantly marriage line?

The lines have transformed, but why if the plans were made in my skin long before? Where have they

taken from me? What did I do? To this day, I do not know. There must have been some reason for this to happen this way? Do you know why? I look at my fingerprint on each finger differently and so unlike Lily or Jaylynn’s. Everyone has unique prints, which we leave behind. I have some of the smallest hands that you ever saw in your life, but they were sweet and felt amazingly perfect in his hand. Every line that was on my palms was strong then not like now and showed my love

of the flesh, my true faith, and love for life, I was a giver; I never asked for anything but love in return; so why didn’t I get it all my life. Maybe I just grieved it all away, as my life flashed by like a blur in fading blue eyes.

The fingerprints we made on each other are now gone forever. It is just like that kiss, which comes to me in my short dreams at the don. It is just like a trance that comes over me, and always had an enchanted feel, that uplifted me. Depressingly to say, that I

do not remember as much as I should; I lost what I needed the most, and that was my family… and my little girl, I lost my lover, but will I be able to keep going without them? But then again, I still have my faith. Yet even that is not as strong as it used to be.

Sometimes, I cannot understand what the divine master has planned. All I hope is that maybe someday my life exists will help someone else out, that is all I wish for anymore. My life seems like it has a

gap in it. That has not been filled in years, yet what was taken from me is what is missing, and there is no one else to blame but the tower and her offspring of demons.

They are the ones that deceived us all. Even in her kid's graves, the sisters try to end my contentment! As well as she has gotten some of them, too, that was in my life. Though, she will never get me! She will never drag me down with her to the

pits of hell! Ava is the only one that is truly alive, yet they all haunt me!

Let me go back through time again! I have never felt so attached to anyone like this before. Just thinking about Chiaz now is making me foolish, as it did when we were young lovers. I still can hear him saying my name, and it makes my week even now. I cannot help it! Back then, I was in love and did not even know what love was, I had the feeling as if he is the one for me, back when we walked the halls of the

hellhole, but they stopped it, sure I would have loved to have been lovers in school as the others were.

I would have loved to have public demonstrations of affection, in the halls with him. I would have loved to have cut class like them all too, and had sex in the old part of the library; between the bookshelves with me, on top of him! Like they all did. I just want to have the same things in life.

No instead, I had to have the sisters looking up my ass, at all times in

its place. Oh well… I still got him in the end right, and he got me. ‘You can’t always get what you want; but if you try sometimes, you just might find that you get what you need.’ However, we should have had more time to do all the things we wanted to do… that is what I think anyway. So, be careful in what you wish for you may just get it one way or another.

Reality is never as it seems, and life likes to screw with you. I find it best to dream your life away, which is

what I did to keep the pain away and to keep from going completely insane. I feel that I could have done anything if I just imagined I could have. That is the way you think when you are young. Just like I can still see what she was wearing that day it was a light blue dress; and with a pure white daisy in her hair. The day Jaylynn was laid out for the others to see. All of this was because of Lance Amsel… he had to know everything about her.

Yes, I mean everything!

‘Instant karma- is going to get you!’

Nevertheless, at the time, I did not grasp it. I did not see what he was doing to her, and I should have, he knew what he wanted, and that was everything that she was. He wanted me to be all alone! I never thought that it was going to happen; I did not foresee him taking her away so recklessly and finally. I thought I would not let him get in the way with it, but I field miserably! There is no way to prove hearsay, and

all I have are bits and pieces of the true story.

That reminds me now sometimes I walk into the bathroom, and Jaylynn writes the words ‘I love you,’ in blood on the mirror, and her supernatural face shows up in the shower mist as I wash. She just loves to play around with me in that room, ha that is kind of cute! She has a way about her that makes me lovesick for her. Yet I have to remember that she died in a bathroom, so maybe that is

why she likes to play around in there. The day Jaylynn left me in her human form; I know that my life would never be the same.

Though I did not know if that was a good thing or a bad thing, it was just the way it had to be. Life goes on even after the ones you live for are gone away infinitely. I planned on letting her put this ring that was mine on her tiny finger when she got married. But I never got the chance to do it or give it to her as a gift; instead,

all and everything I had in my life was given up to her the curse of the tower and their clans.

Giving in ways that cannot be seen yet are felt. I remember back when I was in school, I was too young to fight for my love. Yet, when you are young, it is mostly lusting that you want anyway. It would have been nice to have been the same age, yes it would be nice to be seventeen again or even younger, and know what I know now;

and do some of the things we wanted to do; with my lover.

However, you cannot live twice, will you can have life more than once if you are like me. Yet is that new life going to have them in it, not likely. My age does not count for anything, like this, you see; I forgot how old I truly am now, I feel as if I am a hundred years old, maybe I am? I have seen a lot of change, from then to now.

'The journey of life is through uncovering the true beauty, which lies

behind the eyes.’ It is not what is seen all the time it is what is felt, the same as how I feel towards the ones that knew me. I believe someday soon our souls can be re-joined as one as they were in my past life. Thus far, I feel as if I will never be content again, even though I have my angels; they just remind me of everything that I can and cannot have anymore, and that is them in this earthly life.

My greatest fear is still being alone, and dying alone. Yet I cannot say

that I fear the unknown. I look at myself now and there is not one trait about myself, which I find desirable. To this point in my life, I wander around like a small child lost in the hay fields, looking for my way. I have old photos of back in the day; they are my snapshots that are stuck lost in time with the notes that underline the passage of time. I wonder what happened to me. I believe that my current state of mind is not a healthy one.

Then again, I am not leaving this home… The only way I will give this up is if I am carried out the door in a body bag. Maybe I am just old or crazy or I just do not care anymore. Maybe I just have seen far too much in all my life. No wonder I am so tired, one or the other I need a deep sleep anyways.

So maybe I will go in my sleep with his ghost on top of me. Then again, I always thought that I would go into the arms of my beloved anyways.

Observing back over all of this… I think that I never had any great achievements in my life; I went to college but never did anything with what I knew or studied to do.

Looking back at Chiaz's life he worked in the coal mines for a career. He used to say that- 'They drop you down in the hole and you work on your stomach like a rat. With the water running down you are back and into your ass crack.' He was shoveling for the dwindling dollar, and we had to

give it all back to the large companies and corporations that run the contemporary world.

Nevertheless, he made enough for us to get by, and to keep the house. Now I live off of what I inherited and that is not much, but to me, love is more important than money! Some would have to call me a millennium hippie, will that be just alright with me. I lived in this town all my life, I have seen people come and go, of houses

being built, and I have seen the same very house being ripped down.

That is when you know you have lived too long. I watched babies grow up before my eyes, into things that cannot be controlled; and I have seen baby's die too, and I have seen the baby's being killed by their mothers before they are born, and they do not have a choice to live. Then the ones which are born do not have a choice on what they want to keep, that is up to the mom and dad to make that choice. I

am probably the easiest person to get along with.

However, I know, and I understand how this world works. As of now, I dislike everything about my appearance, and my skin is blotchy, and my hair is graying; my eyes are fading, they are not pure blue anymore, everything is turning pale and ashen, everything is fading away.

Looking back if I could change one thing about my life, I would go back in time and do all the things that I

never did or got to see with my family. I would have liked to have more time, then, and not so much now. So that we could have done all the journeys and discoveries that I planned on with them next to me; we should have had this.

Besides, I didn't even get to do all the things that I was going to do throughout my life. I had plans and those dreams, but they could not come true without them, and how do you blame me, for some reason I cannot blame myself. Yet I have to remember

that I was lucky and blessed to have gotten a family at all after what powers were against me.

Whom do I blame?

Chapter: 34

Pulling Feelings

Born to live, born to die, born to cry, and born to wonder why? Some people say; while… my saying is all is fair in love and war, because; I have done both, with each of them having

the same consequences. I have been at war with the tower, and I have fought to keep my loved ones around, yet most of them are on the ground, still, their souls linger around. I will never lie to anyone or tell him or her something untrue.

My type of personality is to be blunt and to the point, as you should know by now. If I think you are an ass hole then- while, I will tell you that to your face; not behind your back like most. I am sorry but, I am not a very

forgiving person anymore; you have three chances with me and after that, I am done with you. You would be the same way if you had a life like mine. Call me bitter; call me pathetic! Your names mean nothing to me anymore, nor did they ever.

My mind goes back to these days often because they all pull on my heart; like strings on a guitar being tuned too tightly. To the point that I feel as if I am going to choke on the wooden splinters, and all the strings

that were connecting us snapped away. Indeed, my angels Lily and Jaylynn are the only angelic and horrific faces that keep me going. They are like night-lights in my life, they are the stars that shine for me; Jaylynn reminds me of how I affectionately named her after my daddy, and that is bittersweet. Yet to this day, he has not said anything to me, I wonder why?

~*~

Jaylynn, she was so like me in every way; in her personality, in her

actions, her laughter, and when I looked into her eyes it is all the same as if am looking into the eyes of a reflection of myself in my bloodstained mirror, from the eras of past, oh so long ago. I have never spoken about her to anyone until now; no one even knows about these stories, no one cares. Now that I am getting older, and getting closer to that casket, I feel that I should share my story with someone, so I decided on putting everything in my life down onto paper in my scrapbook

diary, as you know! I have some of it on notepaper, yet I want to get it all on neat crisp paper with the black crisp font.

Yet my early 1920's vintage black Underwood Standard Typewriter No.5. It- the typewriter just smiles at me, because I start and stop one word at a time, plus the button letter 'N' has gone missing. Where it has gone is a mystery too, using a typewriter is not the way things work these days, everything is done digitally, with either

video or recordings. Until now my dream was to write and complete my story! So, that is just okay with me. I am not a writer, there are not many out there anymore. I cannot even get a complete thought on a page… without jamming, or type-o's now, it pisses me off, but I will do it in time! I wonder how much more time I have to do this.

There is nothing more annoying than that snowy old page, maybe there is, but I need to get this down somehow. This is all my misery,

which cannot stop playing in my head that I need to let out. Furthermore, this is the only way I want to do it because they all said I never would. The paper is so old now, that it is yellow. The stack of paper is just like my cracked teeth; hell, the little bell does not even go ding anymore.

Plus, my hands hurt most of the time nowadays, oh who cares, whatever- never mind. I have spent most of my life trying to become what I am not. This script is just another damn

dream that has gone down the shitter. Because of the shutters in my life, and to tell you the truth; I am getting tired of shoveling all this shit up with a little shovel, and having someone hovering over the ones I love with a bigger one.

They call me to their graves at night, and what can I do? I have to go and talk to them. They hug me, and then I come home and sit at the typewriter. With the desk lamp lighting, the keys and my hands shake on top of

the buttons. I get feebler as my faith gets weaker.

Thinking maybe, I can tell someone what goes on in my life. However, their voices call out to me Nevaeh… Nevaeh and I have to stop. It is almost like they do not want others to know what they say to me, and what they do for me. Only one of these angel girls stays with me at all times now. She follows me everywhere, the spirit of young Jaylynn. When people die, they

stay the same age even in the afterlife, as you know.

Jaylynn is a tiny black angel girl, as you know, she hovers in the air yet she still only stands at five nothing. As well as her eyes peer into my eyes, then into my soul like always. Lily stepped down as my main angel, the day that Jaylynn got her white wings and began to fly; now Jaylynn is the one that looks over me the most. Lily has a new girl to look over, that needs her as I did when I was young.

(Nevaeh exhaling noisily because her heavenly air is unsustainable.)

So, Jaylynn used to come to me crying, with black eyes, and blood dripping from her inner thighs; saying to me look at what he is doing to me. I would say stay here, you can be homeschooled, you do not need to be all around them, but she always went back. For the reasons that she wanted to have a social life, and there was not a thing I could do, that was up to her…

it is like he and his clan had an almost demonic power over her. Just the same as Lily and I had with the sister's clan. Yet he got her, oh did he get her.

As you know they sucked the life out of us girls, in more ways than one, and they would use us whenever they wanted, and then threw us out like trash when they did not. This clan was even more obnoxious to my little Jaylynn, God only knows what he did to her, but I can imagine… She has memories that terrify my thought of

mind. I would say that I've seen a lot in my time, but nothing like what she faced. It reminds me of what I and Lily went through in our teen life, it is all the same only the names change, or so it seems to be. It is the curse of the tower!

When thinking about it, it creeps me out. But that is life; I know one thing, I always try to do the right thing, because after they are gone you have nothing but sad misgivings. They're nothing more than bullies! I

wish all of those assholes would have taken their belts and hanged themselves with it or cut their wrists, no! That would be too good for them… either way, justice comes with a price, and that was my fifteen-year-old girl. She lost her innocence to her bullies, and that is when my fifteen-year-old girl lost her existence in life too. All of this could have been stopped; yet after all these years,' people still bully the weaker individuals, which they can overpower.

They can fry in hell, in the eternal lake of fire! That is all I can say. Him! He would put things in her mouth, and spattered her innocents over his face and walls of the halls. He even had a life-size poster in his bedroom of my little girl, which he idolized every night, if you know what I mean; the revolting twisted freak. So now, Jaylynn clings to my ankles, as I walked to and around the cemetery as well. Yet I cannot help but say I told you so, and she says 'I-NO-O!' In a moaning vocal-sounding

whisper! It is weird to think about but, everyone I ever loved has died, even my daughter. So, my philosophy as of now. I just chose to never love again, and I have kept that promise up until this point in my life. Things were about to change in a big way once again like always it is out of my control. All these years… I have been pining over what I cannot have, so I guess it is okay to drown my sorrows with a drink once in a while. I need one right now.

Jaylynn had a lover at the age of fourteen you see. Jaylynn had a baby girl I don't even know the name of, or if she named her, the day she died; in addition to that, the dad was Lance Amsel! Shocking yah I know; I was taken aback too! Little did I know that Jaylynn was seven and a half months pregnant at that time! She was so tiny that it did not show under her flowing dresses that she loved to wear.

(They got rid of the uniforms, now they let the kids wear what they want.)

So anyway, I just thought that she was putting on a few pounds or some weight, or maybe I was too caught up in my own life to see what was going on all around me. So, I guess instead of telling me about it, she thought it would be better to end it all. It is so frightening how this all happened, and so fast or so it seemed. However, she kept it at all completely a

secret from everyone, even me. She ended up having her premature baby girl, in the high schools' girls' bathroom while sitting spread out on the toilet.

Lance 'The so-called dad.' Was standing in front of Jaylynn the whole time yelling and pulling on her… Poor Jaylynn, she had to give natural childbirth with no medical assistance! Lance tied the baby's umbilical cord off with his shoestring, and cut her the baby away from this new mommy with

only a pair of dull school scissors. Other students could hear her screams and cries in the halls, yet no one cared or they were not allowed to.

‘The lightning crashes and the new mother cries, her intentions, and ambitions, like her placenta, falls to the floor, as she tries to stand up. Then the angel opens her pale blue eyes, only for them to change color, in the irrelevant stall on the bathroom floor, and the mother dies. He gets her soul; I can feel it, as she did! Just like a clap of

rolling thunder when it is chasing the wind, I can feel her fright!’

It is so frightening how this all happened, and so fast or so it seemed. Lance ‘The so-called dad’ was standing in front of Jaylynn the whole time yelling and pulling on her… Poor Jaylynn, she had to give natural childbirth with no medical assistance!

Lance, cut Jaylynn to stretch her out, to get the baby away from this new mommy, with the same pair of dull school scissors. At that time, he took

the helpless baby away from her, and said that he was going to get rid of it… and there was nothing she could do to stop it. Furthermore, he just let Jaylynn there sitting on the toilet to bleed to death, I guess that is when she had enough pain, and not long after that, she cut her wrist… and I lost two girls… to the curse of the Tower!

Maybe that is when my struggle with affection began. Raged Lance or as I called him walked away, but later that year he put a rifle in his

mouth, and he blew his brains, and other things, all over his bedroom walls, on a life-size poster of my little daughter.

‘So, what is the Tower? It has a meaning, in the deck of cards, that I read, ‘She!’ is dark and ominous. She- ‘The Tower’ is the embodiment of disruption and conflict.

When this card shows up, you know that it is not a good change coming your way, more like the unforeseen and jarring movement

caused by unexpected and painful events, which are a part of life. ‘The Tower’ in life is always a threat, but life inevitably involves tragedy, and you must decide whether you will face it with grace or not as it is passed down.’

My life is presently in The Wheel of Fortune again meaning that symbolically my life is about to start a new cycle, a transition. I also have ‘The Lover’s card showing up in my reading of life; however, my lover is gone forever? What could this mean? The

Lovers card may specify and important difficult choices ahead in my existence. –hum?

This is bad really, the choices it foreshadows usually are an equally exclusive path of two very different futures. However, it is also really good too, in that it also confirms that at least one of those paths may take me to a virtuous place. It likewise implies that I will fall in love again! However, who in the world, am I going to fall in love with?